

### Grade 4.3.3 Wilson fluency

#### Heat Wave

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brother couldn't farmers feeding  
chickens yellow rolling roasted

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My big brother, Hank, used to tease me that girls couldn't be farmers.  
But he sure changed his tune the day the Heat Wave hit.  
I was feeding the chickens when I heard a loud roar.  
I looked out across the horizon and saw a big old clump of crinkled, yellow air  
rolling across the sky. A flock of geese flew in one side  
and came out the other side plucked, stuffed, and roasted.

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